The Register.

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MIDDLEBURY

??WOOLEN MILLL The machinery of this Mill is once more running upon "Custom" work, and the patronage of all those desirous of having their Wool worked into tirst class goods, is earnestly solicited, Also, "Roll" Carding carefully attended to by one of the best carders in the State. K. D. BURT.

Middlebury, June 24, 1867.

NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE-The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand OATS.

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NOTICE. May 31, and will be at the Store of Beckwith & Co.,
May 31, and will pay the highest market prices
or Prima Batter. Can also turnish Tubs and
Boxes at rotall and wholesale.
P. & R. T. BRISTOL.
Middlebury, April 13th, 1867.

Middlebury Register.

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MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1867.

NO. 22.

MISCELLANY.

The Right One.

"Do you know, with any certainty, in what language Adam declared his love to Eve !" inquired I, one day, from a philologist of my acquaintaince. I put my question with so much earnestness, that he answered quite seriously, "Yes, to be sure; he made his declaration of love in precisely the same language as that in which she accepted him.

A profound answer! The only pity is, that I was not much wiser for it. But it is altogether a pity—a very great pity—that we know so little about the lovemakings before the flood. If anybody could meet with a love story of that date, it would have more freshness and novelty in it than can be found in any of our modern novels. And really, that lovemaking in the morning of time, in the groves of Paradise, it must have been

quite out of the common way! Ah! there breathes still in the worldseveral thousand years old though it bea gentle gale of the spring time of Paradise, through the life of every man, at the moment when he says, "I love! I am beloved !'

Yes, it thrills through every happy son of Adam at that moment when he finds his Eve. But Adam himself was, in one respect, better off than any of his sons; for as there was only one Eve, he could make no mistake; neither could she, on her side, have either choice or repentance. But we-our name is legion, and it is not easy for us to discover who, in the swarm of the children of Adam, is the right partner for us. If every one would seriously confess his experience in this respect, it would no doubt be both instructing and amusing. And as I know no other way in which I can instruct or amuse the world, I will now sincerely contess what mistakes I made when I searched for my Eve, whom I first adored in the person of Rose Eryan

I want words to describe her. She had fascinated me when I was but a cadet; she bewitched me before I left the fourth class. And of a truth there never did exist a young lady more dangerous to a youth of lively imagination. Her coquetry was so natural, so mixed with goodness and childish grace, that it was impossible to regard it as anything more then the most angelic innocence. At the military academy, I saw in my books her name, and nothing besides. It I drew plans of fortifications and fortresses, Rose stood in the middle of my circles and quadrants, and the only line that I perceived clearly was the road that led to her home-the verdurous Greendale.

Greendale was a cheerful place, where there were always guests and parties,-And when the young people wished to have an excursion on the water, or any other entertainment, I it was who always planned everything, and proposed it to the old barones, the mother, for whom all the cluldren entertained a very considerable and wholesome respect. these occasions she used to say, "My dear sir, if you are with the chilbren, I will permit it; for I trust you, and I know that you will take care of them."

"Yes, to be sure," I replied; though myself, and never took notice of anybody, or of anything, excepting Rose.

that I was the lucky fellow who had her preference. Once I was terribly jealous. A certain Mr. T-, (a professor of lan goages, I believe,) came to Geeendale, been for her to cry "Sundholm!" in fal-played, sang, and chatted French; and setto; but she would not be false, even in Rose immediat ly forgot me, to chut and herself altogether as charming to him as she had hitherto been to me. I was desperate; went away over meadows and fields; saw neither hedges nor gates; But, behold ! Mr. T --- was gone, and open game with him, and let him under-Rose was again charming to me, and I stand the truth at once. was instantly under her fascination as ever, fully convinced that it was all my fault, and that I was a Turk, a monster - may, quite an Othello of jealousy.

After I had sighed and burned a con siderable time, I made up my mind to were so simple and candid, and her face proceed to the declaration of my love. It so beautiful, that by-and-by I was dazzled. s true I was still very young, not three and-twenly; but I thought myself quite old enough, being a lieutenant, the son of less profile, I was conveyed at once into a father who always spoke of "my wife" the realmns of love, and, ravished by my as the greatest happiness of his life; be-sides which, I had derived from my home be "my wife." She answered "Yes," the most beautiful impressions of domesmyself the highest good in the world under the image of "my wife."

forms of love proposals, I went one fine day to Greendale, carrying with me, and gular one, a period of halfness and incomnear to my heart, a moss rose in a garden pleteness. Nevertheless it is a sensible The road was execrable, and I was nigh shaken to pieces; but the smile of my beautiful Rose would, I was well assured, fully reward me for my trouble. In imaginrtion I heard myself constantly asseverating "I love you!" and commenced, there is yet time to break it her as constantly replying, "I love you!" As regarded our domestic establishment, I had not as yet thought as much about it as one of our favorite lords, who, before he married, provided himself with a eask of flour, a coffee pot and a fryingpan. I thought only of "a cottage and a heart." I saw around my cottage mul- good, especially when the plain speaking titudes of roses, and within it Rose and triend never fancies himself or herself

be provided for by an excellent father. As soon as I arrived at Greendale, I found there two other gentlemen, quite as Ah! if she had but one; or, better still, much enchanted by the fascinating young if she would but have admitted the pos-lady, as I was. I pitted the unfortunate sibility of it, then I should have been youths, because they had infatuated ready to throw myself at her feet! But themselves with the hope of a happiness she was in temper and in character as name was Constantine, must Maria do which no one, I believed, should aspire unimpeachable, as regular, as perfect, as me justice.

our light under a bashel, I was determined to give my rivals a little lunt of my

advantageous prospects.

I raised, therefore, somewhat the veil which had concealed my modest confidence. But then came curious revela-My rivals, arimated by my extions! ample, lifted likewise the veil from their respective prospects; and behold! we all three stood in precisely the same position! We all sighed; we all hoped; we all had souvenirs that we kissed in secret; and all were, as it were, serpents, and bit their own tuils.

At these unexpected revelations we all alone. exclaimed, "Ah" and left Greendale together, each going his own way. My father was a little surprised to see me re-

"My dear Constantine," said he, "I thought you intended to stay at Greendale a much longer time?

"Yes," I replied, with a pensive air, taking at the same moment a large mouthful of bread and butter; "yes; but I altered my mind when I got there."

With this the conversation ended, and the charm was broken, once and forever. But with it was also broken one link out of the rose time of my life. I began to regard all roses, whether real or typ fied, with angry and jsuspicious looks, and to speak of "the illusions of life," and of ject of my affections, the next choice I respects, be the very reverse of the fascinating but traitorous Rose. I had been deceived, as I imagined, by the poetry of life; now I would keep to the sober

Ah! in what a noble form did my new ideal present herself to my eyes, as one evening I entered the hospitable saloon of Mrs A---, the wife of the cela-brated judge. Abla, her daughter, stood ready to officiate at the tea-table; her features, her figure, her manners, were dignified and full of propriety. She look-ed like personified Truth, in contradistiuction to the fantastical, bewitching Rose. I instantly fell in love with this beautiful image of Minerva, and thought of "my wife."

Abla, however, seemed only to think of the tea, and looked neither to the left nor the right. When ten was poured into all the cups, she slowly turned when we crave for human sympathies; her splendid head, and I heard, at the and echo, the voice of the rocks, is the momett a bass voice exclaim, "Sandholm !"

Ah! heavens! was that her voice? Was it not rather that of the Angel of Judgement, who in the middle of Mrs -'s evening party, summoned the inner Sundhoim to hear his final doom ! sinner Sundhoim to hear his final doom! together. Ah! "my wife" still stood I could have believed anything, rather vividly before my imagination. than that such a voice could issue from the beautiful lips of Abla. But, when I beheld Sun-tholm advance to the table saw that the resounding bassoon voice belonged to no other than the sweet hely whom I had just adored, and whom I had, in my heart, already called "my wrfe."

It required some little time before I "Sundholm!" sounded through my ears the ladies, I set off in my own sulkey to the truth was, I could not take care of for many a long hour. I began to reason amuse myself by a good myself, and never took notice of anybody, on the subject. If, said I, Nature has bestowed a bass voice on this beautiful Many a one was fascinated just as I young lady, is it not noble and excellent was fascinated; but I persuaded myself of her not to try to conceal or embellish it! Does it not prove her love of truth her strength of character, and her greatness of soul? How easy it would this! Not willing to assume a disguise, play and sing with Mr. T-, making even for the sake of winning admiration. she summons Sundholm in the voice which God has given her. Is there not somethings grand in all this? One who thus calls out "Sundholm!" will not destumbled into ditches and brooks, and ceive an honest fellow with hollow words reached home furious as a blunderbuss, or pretended feelling, but will play an

I was introduced to the handsome Abla. There was no denying that the voice was not fine; but when you were accustomed to it, it ceased to be so very disagreeable; besides which, her word-My ears crept, as it were, into my eyes, and gazing day after day on Abla's faultsense of sight, asked Abla if she would with a force of utterance that nearly Hence I always represented to frightened me. We were betrothed, and the nearer I gazed on her fine profile, the more I was satisfied. This, however,

Having duly considered the various did not last very long.

The period of betrethal is a very sin institution-when it does not continue too long. It is the prelude to a union that nothing but death coght to dissolve; and, if it should appear impossible to execute harmoniously the duet which has now

That we are all sinners in thought, word and deed, is a matter of fact, and nobody was more willing to admit it than myself; but to be reminded of it every moment, by one's best friend, is by no means agreeable; nor does it do any self. As for everything else, all would capable of sinning or being faulty in the slightest degree. And the worst of it was that, apparently, Abla had no faults. to but myself. We were all old acquain- she was in figure; she was so correct and

nto a rage. I felt that Abla's righteousness, and especially her mode of educating me, would, in time, make me a prodigi ous sinner; more particularly, as she would never yield to my wishes. It dawned upon me, before long, that her self-righteousness and want of charity to others was, indeed, one of the greatest conceivable faults. One fine day, there fore, I told her my mind, in good earnest terms, and the following duet occurred

She .- I cannot be otherwise than I am. If you do not like me you can let me I .- If you will not be amiable toward

me, I must cease to love you. She.-That is of no consequence. an go my own way by myself.

> She -Good bye, then, sir. I.—Good bye, Miss A.

"Thank Heaven it was not too late!" hought I to myself, as, after my dismissal I hastened to my little farm in the country. Although this abrupt termination of my second love affair caused but little pain to my heart, I felt considerable mortification and a secret hostility sprang up in my soul toward the whole female sex It happened, however, very luckily for me, that while I remained in this state of mind I met with one of my neighbors 'giving them up," &c , &c. I made a who was precisely in the same condition. solemn vow with myself that the next ob- He had been for some time divorced from a wife with whom he had lived very unwould make for "my wife," should, in all happily, and he drove about in his sulky, upon which he had had a motto inscriber in golden letters :

"It is better to be alone than be ill-accompanied The sentiment struck me as very ex cellent, and my neighbor and I often met, and agreed admirably in the abose of the In the meantime I occupied

myself with books and agriculture. I have a great esteem for books, and bow myself to the dust before learning; but, I know not how it is, further than that I cannot go; esteem and veneration I feel, but assuredly my affections never grow in that soil. My love for agriculture took me forth into Nature, and Nature is lovely. But Adam was uneasy in paradise, and did not wake to life and happing until Eve came; and I, who did not pos sess a paradise, found myself very lonely and melancholy at "Stenbacke." after all, are wooden and dull things most wearisome voice I know. heart to heart, eye to eye, that is the life. and to live together, a happy and rural life, to work for the happiness of those who depend upon us-to regulate the home, to live, to think, to love, to rejoice

My experience in the realms of love had, however, made me suspicious. 1 feared that I could never be happy no and receive the tea cups on his tray, I cording to my ideas of happiness, which my neighbor friend characterized as "reposing in the shade of a pair of slip-pers." I was in low spirits; and accordingly one day, after having finished the last of six dozen of cigars, and quarrelled with my neighbor, who bored me with could reconcile my mind on this point. his everlasting and doleful tirades against

I drove a considerable distance to the fellow student with me at the Military College at Carleberg, and who had often invited me to visit him. He was now married, and was, in fact, the father of eight children. A large family, I thought, at first; but not one too many, said I to myself, after a single day spent in this family, which had given me the impression of a beaven upon earth.

The mistress of the house, the wife and mother, was the silent soul of all. "It is she-it is she, who is my happiness," said the fortunate husband; but she said "It is he : it is he."

"My dear friend," said I to him one day, "how have you managed to be so happy in your marriage ! " "Th," replied he, smiling, "I have

"A secret I for goodness sake what "From my youth opward," he replied "I have prayed to God to give me a good

secret to tell you."

"Yes," thought I to myself, "that is it. Here am I unmarried, because I have never discovered this secret. I may not

venture to choose 'my wife.' A younger sister of my friend's wife lived in the family. No one would have been attracted to her for external charms, but a short time brought you completely under the spell of her kindness, the intellectual expression of her countenance, and the cheerful friendliness of her manners. All the household loved her; she was kind and amiable to all. To myself, however, it seemed that there was ar exception; I thought her somewhat cold and distant, but was almost sorry when I perceived that she was grieved by this, A short time convinced me that I had really fallen in love with this young lady.

There was, however, a great difference between this and my former love affa rs Formerly, I had permitted external charms to lead and blind me; now, on the contrary, I was a tracted to the soul, and its beauty alone had captivated my heart. But why then was so excellent a soul so cold toward me!

My friend said that it was becau-Maria had heard me represented as a fickle young fellow; one who amused himself with broken affiances. Righteous Heavens! was that indeed one of my faults! I fickle! I, who felt myself created as a model of fidelity. It was impossible for me to bear patiently so cruel an injustica. No! as truly as my

From that time, as she retired from tances; and, as it is not our habit to put proper that, sinner as I was, it drove me me, so I began to walk after her. I was ful.

determined to convince her that I was not the fickle, inconstant being that I had been described. It was not, however, very easy to succeed in this, but at length I did succeed. After having put me to a trial, from which I came with flying colors, she accepted my proposals, and agreed to try me still further in-a union

During the period of our betrothal, she said several times quite rapturously, faults; I feel now less humiliated, less unhappy from my own."

This pleased me very much, and all the more as I perceived that Maria, while she showed me my faults with kindness, did not at all fondle her own.

Our wedding day was fixed; and I ordered a carriage for two persons. Company was invited, and Maria and I were Nothing can be more common place than all this, excepting perhaps it be, that my wife and I agreed to understand the ceremony in an earnest and real sense, and to live accordingly. result has been that now, after having been married five-and twenty years (we celebrate our silver nuptials to-morrow), we love each other better, and are haphour of our union. We have therefore in marriage does not proceed from the indissolubility of marriage, as some say, but because the wedding service is not realized in the marriage.

Do not speak to me of the felicity of the honeymoon. It is but the cooing of doves. No! we must walk together along thorny paths, penetrate together the most hidden recesses of life, live together in pleasure and pain, in joy and in sor-row; must forgive and be forgiven; and afterwards love better and love more. And as time goes on, something marvel lous occurs; we become lovely to each other, although wrinkles furrow the cheek and forehead; and we become more youthful, though we add year to year, Then no longer have wordly troubles, misfortunes and failings any power to dim the sun of our happiness, for it radiates from the eye and heart of our friend, and when our earthly existence draws to its close, we feel indeed that our life and love are eternal. And this supernatural feeling is quite natural after all, for the deeper and more inwardly we penetrate into life, the more it opens in its depths of eternal beauty. Many happy hus-bands and wife will testify to this.

But observe, husband or wife! qualify you as such a witness, you must have been at some little pains to find-"the right one." Don't take the wrong one inconsiderately.

RECOVERED THEASURES. - At a large hotel in an Atlantic city, one day, lively conversation arcse over the fish a dinner, and several of the guests related some extraordinary stories about finding pearls and other valuables in the entrails of fish, when an old man, who had been quietly listening to what was passing, broke forth with the following: I was a young man I was employed in a large importing house in this city, and as usual with most persons of my age then, I fell in love with a certain young lady, and in due course of time was engaged. house of an old friend, who had been a About two mouths before our marriage was to take place, I was suddenly sent to Europe on very important business, oc casioned by the death of one of the in Europe. I took a hasty and affection-ate leave of my intended, with the promse to hear from each other often. I was detained somewhat Linger than I expected, but just before I sailed for home I purchased a handsome and very valuable diamond ring, intending it for the wedding ring; and when coming up New York Bay, expecting shortly to be with her who was soon to be mine, I was glancing over the morning papers, which had been brought aboard by the pilot boat, when, what should I see but an account of her marriage with another, which so enraged me that, in my passion, I threw the ring overboard. A few days after I was dining at this very botel; fish was served up, and, in eating, I bit on something hard, and what do you suppose

"The diamond ring!" exclaimed sev-"No," said our friend, preserving the same gravity, "it was a fish bone."

"How disconsolate you look!" said a backet to his fellow bucket as they were going to the well.

"Ah," replied the other, "I was refleeting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me how strange to look at it in

that way," said the bucket "Now I enjoy the thought that however empty we come we always go away full. look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am

A traveler in Virginia overtook a man riding a barebacked and bony horse, with wi-p of hay for a bridle-the owner himself being clad in the coarsest home spun and giving evidence of extreme poverty. "Whose land is this!" asked the traveler, "Mine," said the Virgin ian. They rode a mile further and the same question was asked. "Mine," again was the reply. They went on another mile and the same question was repeated. "Wall," said the Virginian, "this land is mine, too; but don't you think, stranger, that I'm so all fired poor as to own all the land in this county."

Wit and gayety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house dispersing chills, and drying up mould, and making all wholesome and cheer-

The Handsome Widow and the Fine-Looking Gentleman.

At the beginning of the warm days of the summer of 1859, while one mischievous divinity sat dozing away the languid hours of evening in one of the private boxes of a restaurant, with his watchful nose snoring at his exhausted cop, he was suddenly aroused by the loud laughter of a female in the next box, which he in-"I am so glad to see that you also have stantly recognized as the voice of the beautiful Mrs ---, who kept a "fashionable boarding house in one of the most fashionable streets of Brooklyn."

"That," said he, "is the handsome little widow, who will never let me alone, but summons me perpetually to her side, and teases me to pay her compliments, and to inspire the heart of some fine looking gentleman with love for her. Her husband has been dead three years, leaving her two lovely little children as his only last will and testament; and to enable her to provide for these children, her friends made her the present of furniture enough to set up a large and elegant boarding house, from which she has supported herself with dignity and But that was not enough. She pier together than we were in the first must needs worry me to touch the heart of some 'tine looking gentleman' for her. come to the conclusion, that unhappiness And here, now, she has him at last. A man she never saw, till she met him at a 'hop' at the Metropolitan Hotel last Wednesday night. She does not even know who he is But he is fine-looking." Ah, ha, I have touched her heart, at any

rate ! And Copid tank down again, dozing and noddling over his cup. And the handsome little widow and the "finelooking gentleman" went back to Brooklyn. But the glance of her eye, the tone of her voice, the nervous trembling motion of her hand, plainly showed him that she was "strack," to use the phrase of these professional love makers; and he lost no time in following up the impression with such an account of bimself as was sure to win the heart and confidence of a vain and restless woman. He was a widower, and a planter from the South, who owned a beautiful Italian villa on the flower covered banks of the lower Mississippi, where he had left two lovely children, sweet miniatures of their lost but still beloved mother, and to which spot he desired to earry her when he should return in autumn-some one who could fill the place left vacant in that home of affection and truth.

The pirture was indeed a seducing one, and the bandsome little widow was already wild with relimination and love for the "fine-looking gentleman." And he, too, being a man of taste and refinement, and fond of domestic life withal, had become so "weary of hotel life," that it was soon agreed between the pair that he should remove to her house during the remainder of his stay at the North. The very next day found him snegly bestowed his new quarters. The best room in the house was given him, of course : the best seat at the table was reserved for him, and the servants, catching the inspiration of their mistress, neglected everybody else to serve him. More than one young lady in the house also eaught the same inspiration, and the handsome little widow was sleepless for more than one night with jealously of those whom she knew had the advantage of her in the youth of their charms. But the "fine-looking gentleman" knew

oo well where his interest lay to be otherwise than blind to every attraction except the face of the fair hosters. So he grew daily in her favor, and she grew daily more and more blind and delicious with the intoxicating draughts of love. How that beautiful Italian villa bung sefore her eyes! And then those sweet flowers, blooming every morning on the banks of the Mississippi! How delightful! And those dear little children, how she had already sworn in her heart to love and protect them as her own! This was too much joy for her to keep all to serself, and not only her kindred, but all her friends, were made acquainted with the fact that she was to be married, and move to the "sunny South" in September. So passed July and August, the heart of the handsome little wi low swelling every day with fresh faith and affection, until it was time to make active preparations for the marriage and the removal. The handsome little widow had made many expensive additions to her wardrobe, which she had paid for out of her own purse, the fine-looking gentleman having been mortified at some awkward mistakes which had delayed his drafts, and now nothing remained but to sell off her ele gant furniture at auction, be married, and epart for her new home on the banks of the Mississippi. The trouble and responsibility of this sale the fine looking gen tleman gallantly took upon himself, and the thrteen hundred and sixty dollars procoeds he kindly put into his pocket, and walked off without so much as civilly bidding the handsome little widow good-The next day the terrible stared her in the face that she had been most cruelly duped by an unprincipled vil ain, who was without means, without character, and without a single attribute which her woman's imagination had invested him with. Then at last she could see him as he was, a fop, a pretend- of stealing a quantity of pork, breathlessly er, a genteelly attired fool. fall of her Italian villa on the banks of the the pork ?" Missas-ippi fell also this idol of her heart, recently found himself in a bad predicaas far before the estate of ordinary men ment. He detended a culprit charged as her blinding love had raised him above with the largery of a watch, eloquently But she refused to punish him, pre- argued his client's entire innocence, but terring to suffer all insolence than to en- failed to convince the jury, wno brought dure the publicity which a prosecution in a verdict of guilty.-Thereupon would give to her mistake and her shame. advocate turned to a policeman, and hand-

but I call it a very foolish and rediculous had it in my pocket when I addressed the thing, when a woman who has been once jury, and it was as heavy as lead."—New married, and who is the mother of a fam-

ily of children, allows herself to be deceived, and her offspring to be robbed of the means of support, or the affections of a mother, by one of these shallow, gam-bling monkies, who has not even the manners of a rational being to recommend him to a virtuous woman's favor. Rowe

indignantly calls them—
"A slipping, dancing, worthless tribs,"
Creatures who spend half their days between the carling-irons and the looking-glass—whose heads are mere appendages to their whiskers: Transformed to those ambiguous things that

npe Goats in their visage, women in their shape. The story which the classics give us of Venus doting on Vulcan, while Mercury and Apollo were bidden stand aside, was a piece of exquisite satire, and many a modern goddess suffers herself to swayed by a similar perversion of taste

and infatuated passion.

Our handsome little widow has neither regained her elegant furniture nor her place in society. Both are gone, we fear, forever. To small, gloomy apartments in New York she has already retreated with her two children, where she contrives to support herself, we know not how. We dare not ask. Her story is the story of thousands, who are constantly traveling that road of delusion and death.

The fine looking gentleman still pursues his business of love-making, it being his only visible means of support. There are hundreds of such in New York, who escape punishment by selecting their victims from ranks so high that the "family pride" will wat suffer an exposure.

That vagabond Cupid is still inventing new delusions whereby he may entrap the weary.

A Terrible Bedfellow. I looked at my neighbor with consider-able curiosity. His face indicated a man of not over thirty years-a period at which men are still young-but his hair was as white as fresh fallen snow. One seldom sees, even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such immaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western Railroad, in Canada, and was looking out of the window. Suddenly turning his head he caught me in the act of staring at him-a rudeness of which I was ashamed. I was about to say words of apology, when he quietly remarked :-"Don't mention it, sir. I am used to

The frankness of the observation pleased me and in a very little while we were conversing on terms of familiar acquaintanceship, and before long he told me the whole story. "I was a soldier in the army of India"

said he. "and, as often is the case with soldiers, I was a little too fond of liquor, One day I got drunk, and was shut up in the black hole for it. I slumped down upon the floor of the dangeon, and I was est dropping off to sleep when I felt a cold, slimy shape crawling across my right hand as it lay stretched out above my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was-a snake! Of course my first impulse was to draw away my hand; but knowing that if I did so, the poisonous repitle would probably strike its fangs into me, I lay still with my heart bearing in my breast like a trip hammer. Of course my fright sobered me instantly. I realized all my peril in the fullest extent. Oh, how I lamented the hour that I had touched liquor! In every glass of liquor there is a serpent : but it does not come to every body in the shape it came to me. With a slow, undulating motion, the reptile dragged its careass across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast, and thrust its head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the slimy body over my cheeks it was only by the most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust. At last I felt the tail wriggling down towards my chin; but imagine whr if you can imagine it, as I realized that the dreadful creature had coiled itself up under my jacket as I lay, and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was as still us Evidently it had no idea that I was a human creature; if it had it would not have acted that way. All snakes are cowardly, and they will not approach a

man unless to strike him in self-defence "Three hours I lay with that dreadful weight on my bosom, and each minute was like an hour to me-like a year. I seemed to have lived a life-time in that brief space. Every incident of my life passed through my memory in rapid succession, as they say is the case with a drowning man. I though of my mother, away in old England; my happy home by the Avon; my Mary, the girl I loved, and never expected to see them more. For no matter how long I bore this, I felt that it would end in death at last. as rigid as a corps, scarcely daring to breath, and all the while my breast was growing colder and colder where the snake was lying against it, with nothing but a thin cotton shirt between my skin and its I knew that if I stirred it would strike, but I could not bear this much longer Even if I lay still until the guard came, I expected his opening the door and coming in would be my death warrant all the same; for no doubt the reptile would see that I was man as soon as the light was let in the door. At last I heard footstens approaching. There was a rattling at the It was the goard. He opened the door. The snake-a cobra di capella, i now saw-darted up its bugh booded bear with the hideous rings around its eyes, as if about to strike. I shut my eyes and murmured a prayer. Then it gl ded away with a swift motion and disappeared in the darkness I staggered to my feet and tell swooning in the arms of the guard. For weeks after I was very sick, and when I was able to be about I found my hair was as white as you now see it. I have not touched a drop of liquor since.

Every one has heard of the bothered defended, who being acquited of the charge With the asked the lawyer, " What shall I do with We hear of a lawver who Alas, the love of woman! Byron ing him a package, imploringly said, "For calls it a "very lovely and a fearful thing," heaven's sake, take this stolen watch, I